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No. 27

# Dennis

# The MENACE



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# Dennis THE MENACE



"GUESS WHAT'S ON THE FRONT SIDEWALK?"



"BOY, DON'T YA JUST LOVE SNOW?"



"KNOW WHY I LOVE SNOWFLAKES? 'CAUSE ON COLD WEAR YOUR REPTER CALL YOU!"



"ALL RIGHT, HE MADE A SNOWMAN. WHAT ABOUT PUTTING HIM IN THE LIVING ROOM?"

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# WHITHER WEATHER?



Everyone talks about the weather, but nobody *DOES* anything about it!

Not until *Dennis* came along! I remember one day....



I want it to **SNOW!**  
I wanna **SLIGH-SLOW!**

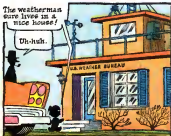
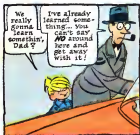
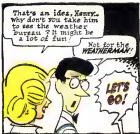
Sorry, son... the weatherman says no snow today.

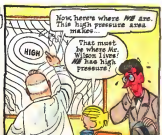
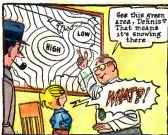


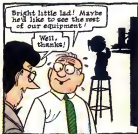
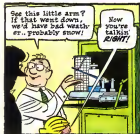
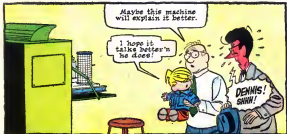
I'll fix that ol' weatherman!  
Where does he live?

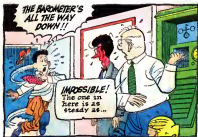


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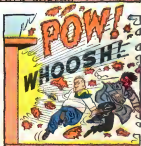
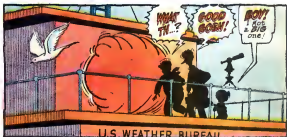


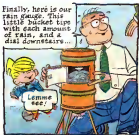


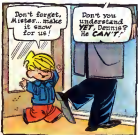
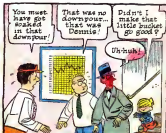
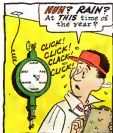




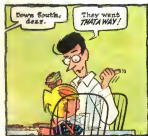
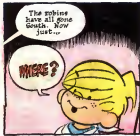
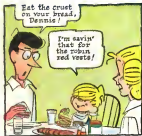






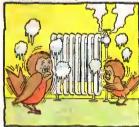


# OPERATION HIBERNATION





...they don't like the cold weather... so, they fly South...



... where it's nice and warm all winter.





... First they have a big dinner...

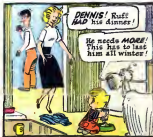
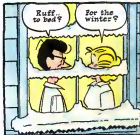
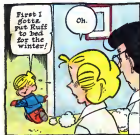


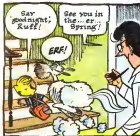
... then they go to bed ...



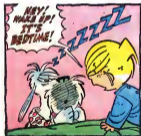
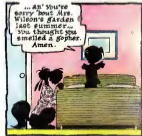
... and they sleep until Spring.



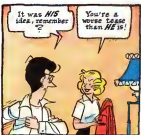








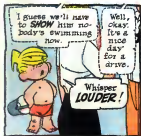
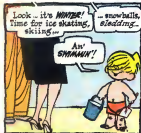






# SNOW USE!







BATH HOUSE

LOOK, DENNIS... those people swim in this weather just to be **DIFFERENT**. They belong to the **POLAR BEAR CLUB**, and....

Am' I'm gonna join the club!







No kiddin', Dad...  
it's not so cold!

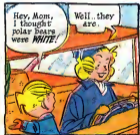
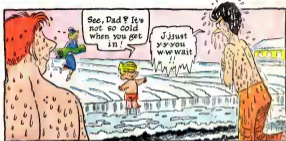
YOU'RE ~~GONNA~~  
be a LOT WARMER  
when I catch you!

WATCH OUT  
FOR THAT  
WAVE,  
DENNIS!!

I'LL SAVE  
YOU, SON!

WHUMP!

ATTA BOY,  
DAD!



# DANGER! THIN ICE!

LOOKING out at the sun glittering on the snow, Mr. Adams grinned as he pulled on his overcoat. "Sure am sorry I have to work Saturday mornings," he said. "It's a perfect day for ice skating, eh, Tim?"

He turned, and frowned slightly. His boy Tim was bringing his model cruiser out of his room. "You're not going to work on that boat today, are you?" he demanded. "Don't you want to get out in the fresh air?"

"You got her all set to go, Dad," Tim told him. "I've just got to tune up the motor and she'll be ready for the water."

"In the middle of winter?" his father asked. "Look, son, this is the time for winter sports. Skiing, snowball fights, sledging, ice skating. You don't want to poke around the house with your models?"

"But I like models," Tim said. "All kinds of models. I just want . . ." He pulled the starting string of the motor, and the little gas engine started into action, the little propeller a whirling blur.

Mr. Adams turned away. He had been a famous athlete at college, a letter man in football, track, basketball. And now that he was married and had a son, he couldn't get used to the fact that Tim had no interest at all in sports. All Tim wanted to do was make things.

Mrs. Adams sensed her husband's disappointment as she saw him out the front door. "Tim can't help it if he doesn't like sports," she told him. "That's just the way he is."

"I just don't understand it," Mr. Adams said.

"I thought all boys liked to play games, do things. Well . . ."

He shook his head and entered his car at the curb. As he left, Mrs. Adams noticed two boys coming up the street, dangling ice skates—Joey Petri and Steve Holman, Tim's friends.

She went back to the kitchen where Tim was lovingly listening to the high whine of the little gasoline engine on his model boat. "Tim—Joey and Steve are going ice skating. Why don't you go with them? Maybe you can get better at it, and surprise your father this afternoon."

"Aw, Mom!" Tim protested. Then he saw the concern in her eyes, and switched off the little motor. "Well, if it'll make Dad feel any better. . . . Est, gosh, I can't be a famous athlete like he was. I just want to be an engineer when I grow up. I like to make things, not play games." Then his eyes brightened. "I know—I'll take my boat along! It's been worn the last couple of days—maybe part of the lake will be thawed out and I can try my boat!"

Tim got into his coat, grabbed his ice skates, and with the boat under his arm ran after Joey and Steve. They turned in surprise as he caught up with them.

"What's the idea, bringing your boat along?" Joey asked. "Gonna use it if you fall through the ice?"

Steve laughed. "The way he falls when he's skating, he may need it!"

"Okay, go ahead and laugh," Tim said. "Maybe you guys can skate good, but I'll bet you couldn't make a model like this baby!"

And as they walked to the park, Joey and Steve had to admire the beautiful job Tim had done on the little boat. "I hope some of the ice has melted," Tim said. "I've never had her in the water, and I'll bet she can really travel. I brought plenty of string along to make sure she doesn't get away."

When they got to the secluded cove where they usually skated, the ice was solid. Only out toward the deep part of the lake was there any water, and that was surrounded by thin, crumbling ice. In the middle was a sign stuck in the bottom of the lake, DANGER; THIN ICE, but no one could get anywhere near the water without falling in. Disappointed, Tim put down his boat and began to put on his skates. This summer, he thought, he'd spend a lot of time out here with his boat. Unless, that is, his father would insist on taking him to the beach to try to teach him again how to swim.

Joey and Steve were soon on their blades and skimming along, laughing and trying to out-do each other in turns and fancy figures. Tim could only founder after them, his ankles bending first in and then out, slipping and falling. It was no use—he just didn't have any of his father's athletic ability.

Steve laughed at his awkwardness. "Here's how to do it," he called. "Look—backwards!" And Steve flashed by him, skating backwards faster than Tim could go forward. Tim watched him in awe, then in sudden alarm. "Hey, Steve! Stop!" he called. But Steve only laughed confidently, going backwards faster than ever.

Then Joey saw what was happening, and joined in. "No, Steve! You're heading for the thin..."

They were too late. Going at top speed, Steve shot off the edge of the ice and into the black water. He went under and then came up, sputtering and struggling. He tried to climb up on the thin ice, but the edges kept breaking away. He turned, saw the sign sticking out of the water, and swam toward it. Weighted down by his water-soaked clothes, and numbed by the freezing water, he just made it, and clung weakly to the sign.

"I'll get you, Steve!" Joey called, starting to take off his coat.

"No!" Tim stopped him. "That ice cold water will get you, too!"

"Then we've got to run and get help!"

"There's no time for that!" Tim said. "He can't hang onto that sign more than a couple of minutes. We've got to do something!"

"I know!" Joey said. "The life ring—that's what it is for!" He skated swiftly to where the life ring and its coil of rope hung and raced back with it. Together, they inched forward as far as they dared on the cracking ice, and then Joey heaved the heavy ring with all his might. It just barely reached the edge of the water.

"Boy, what I wouldn't give for a boat right now!" Tim exclaimed. Then he had an idea. "That's it—my boat!"

"That's not big enough to do any good!" Joey protested. But already Tim was hurrying back to where he had left the boat.

"I'll crawl out along the rope," he panted. "If I fall through, pull me in. But if I don't, we've got a chance to save Steve!"

Flat on the ice, his weight spread thin, he crept forward, the rope to the life ring in one hand, his little cruiser in the other. Beneath him the ice cracked ominously, but somehow it held until he reached the edge of the water. Aiming the boat straight for Steve, he let it go, paying out the string slowly.

With one eye on the bobbing boat, Tim tied the end of the string to the life ring. He prayed that the string was long enough to reach to Steve—and it was! The boat bumped into the dazed boy, now blue with cold, and Tim called to him, "Steve! Grab the string!"

Faebly, Steve obeyed, and the life ring went floating slowly out to the marooned boy. His grip on the sign weakened as he pulled the life ring to him and he fell in to it face down.

Looking back over the treacherous ice, Tim joined Joey in hauling on the rope, and soon Steve was clambering weakly up onto the solid ice. They were walking him, dripping, toward the shore when a man came running up.

"Quick! Get him into my car! We've got to get him here, get those wet clothes off him!"

On the drive home, Steve could stop shivering just long enough to say: "T-T-thanks, T-T-Tim, for b-bringing your b-b-boat!"

"Boat!" the man asked. "What boat?"

Tim held up his dripping little cruiser proudly, and Joey explained what had happened.

"Well, I'll be darned!" the man said. "I'll bet your Dad is going to be real proud of you, son."

"I hope so," Tim said. And he thought that from now on his father might think a bit more about his model-making.











**DUCK, SAM! HERE  
COMES A SNOWBALL!**

Not  
scared of  
a little ol'  
snowball  
are you?



**KERCHUNG!**

DOOF!

DOOF!



Well, where's your  
snowman, Fankor. Come on,  
now... make one the way I  
showed you!



That's it... just keep rolling  
it until you get a nice  
**BIG** one!



# SHORT and SNAPPY

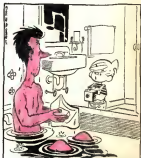


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# Dennis THE MENACE



"YOU GO AHEAD AND SLEEP. I'LL FIND SOME NICE NEIGHBOR LADY WHO'LL FIX ME SOME BREAKFAST."



"WHY NOT? YOU TOOK A PECKER OF *ME* THAN A BATH!"



"OTHER THAN ME DENNIS MITCHELL I PROMISED HIM SOME COOKIES"



"YOU REAR TAPS ALL THATS LEFT OF MY SHOVELS?"

